

Present At the Birth?

A caddy at the New Haven Country Club,
I hauled a leather bag though record heat.

At the end the player checked a voucher
for a buck twenty five, no tip.

"Jesus Christ, Rick!" said another,
"It's a hundred fuckin degrees!
Give the kid an extra quarter."

I don't want to sound pretentious,
but this could have been the birth
of Compassionate Conservatism.

'less you count Old Black Joe he gets
t'beat de feet on de Mississippi mud.